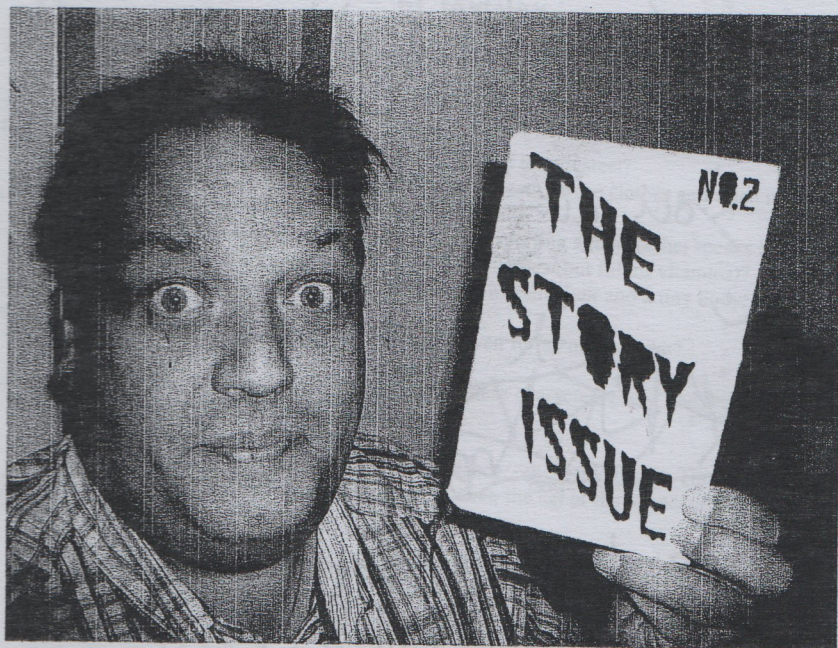


Since
"Sticker"

EYECATCHER

- ARTFANZINE -



FEATURING STORIES BY:

Adam Round

Andres Musta

JaxieJax

NoseGo

Shame ABC

-s10-

Sticky Rick

Anonymus

XX Crew

Obit

The29th

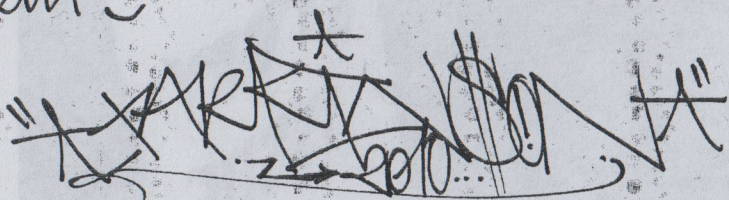
Tarkinson

BONUS: COMIC BY IPUDDING

✓ Welcome to the 2nd issue
of the EYECATCHER ART FANZINE!

This time you can enjoy some
stories & essays by famous
artists!

I hope you enjoy each one of
them :)



If you want to be part of the
next issue, feel free to mail
me : [tarkinson@web.de]

Note: Don't pay more than
2,5 € for this zine!

"D.I.Y for life!"

My characters are odd pals in the mate believe territory of jaxiejax.

Question:

What if you had a pal who was a tiny robot made of tin not steel?

What if you had a pal who was a Rabbit with tiny teeth, wore clothes and often mistaken for Welsh Rarebit which does not consist of rabbit at all?

What if you had a pal made of blue cotton candy, sporting a moustache, speaks Spanish and is apprehensive around children because he's too delicious (but full of vitamins)?

What if you had a fragile pal with oversized blue metallic hair and a tiny body, would you walk to school with her?

What if you had a pal who only wore ponchos even for an ocean swim?

The answers lie in the world of jaxiejax where these characters exist and would otherwise be misunderstood in another place, time and space.

They love cupcakes, donuts and birds. Some dance, others ride bikes. They are inquisitive, playful yet sometimes bothered. The moon, the rat, the cat or the bat accompany them at times, depending on their mood.

You see, it's their simple life, simple thoughts and simple words that bring them together. Attention is drawn to them from their looks but they are not concerned about popularity, for popularity is for the birds. That is why they are bird lovers.

If you keep them close to your thoughts, a cookie may magically appear on your desk at work. You'll know how it got there. Like the Matrix you'll feel right as rain. That's just the way it is.

Quite acceptable, in my opinion.

jaxiejax

No title

Got it & I'll start it off; Peel Here 05' we printed sticker posters for the featured artists & to sell. One of those was Chaz Bojorquez; the oldest/active graffiti (predominately letters) & legend in these parts.

Stopped by his house a week after the event to drop off his sticker posters & see the latest story board fro VANS he was working on.

The cool knowing artists is getting invited to the inner lair, the inner sanctuary better known as The Studio. I was trully blown away just to be there. I'll be 55 this september. Chaz is about that age as well. In chatting about the event & his story board work, mentioned the how "O.G's" like her & I are staying current.

He laughed at me & said & I quote "'we're not OG any more", "we're RETRO".
hahhahahaha...we had a good laugh.

Sticky Rick~

No title

It was somewhere in the mid-nineties on my fametrip – each day i woke up and stared at this shaft tower and its big blockletters made out of steel. On this special day I realized this one idea that was in my mind since a few months: to paint my name on these letters in over 60 meters height. First thing was to get paint, so I went to the hardware store. After I got all stuff ready I went to the object of my desire to plan my way up to the tower. The problem was that there existed only one way up and this way was the fire ladder outside. I thought that this was only made for adrenaline junkies or total crazy guys – for guys like me.

Around midnight I got my paint and went out to realize my plan. As I got to the tower I went up the fire ladder and this was easier than I thought. After climbing for 15 minutes I reached the top and enjoyed the panorama. But there wasn't much time for chilling. I tried to find a way to get access to the front side with the letters – after a while I found the only way which was a kind of freeclimbing. It was not really safe and I felt that there were more than 500 meters below myself. But without thinking I got my cans and attacked the gigantic E. I was so concentrated on painting that I forgot to worry about falling down this tower. After a short time my work was done. With a bigger ego than before I got my stuff together and went down the fire ladder to leave the place.

On my way home I decided to take a walk through downtown to tag a bit. After 3 - 4 tags I was disturbed by a car nearby. I decided to go home. After a few steps the car came after me with full speed. It stopped right in front of me and out came our friends – the cops. "Nabend, surveillance operation – do you have anything illegal with you?" I hoped that they would find the cans in my inside pocket and answered with NO. They didn't believe me and started controlling my bag. I told them that I needed these cans to paint my bike. But the eyes of the cops told me that they didn't believe anything I said. They had no evidence against me so they began to check my personal data and told me: "If we get to know that tonight something here was painted on with black spraypaint then we know where to search!" After they finished their speech and gave me back my ID, the special unit left. I did the same and felt not so good anymore. After I got home, I watched my huge masterpiece from my window and chilled. Two days later two friends of mine appealed to me and went mad about my piece. I told them to keep it a secret but one of them just said "Why? It is featured in all newspapers today." He handed me a newspaper and I just couldn't believe my eyes. My piece was some kind of sensation for the press and the whole town. Everybody speculated about how the artist went to this high spot. "He must be able to fly!" could be read there. The mayor told the press that the key to the tower was kept safe. He asked all citizens to report hints to the police to get the vandal. I felt like Dr. Kimble – also in my case no one knew how Kimble looked like. This made the search more complicated but I felt quite queasy the next days when I spotted a cop car around cause the cops told me that they had an eye on me.

Maybe they liked the painting or they didn't give a shit about their job, which I think of. It was a big controversy and riddle who the unknown artist was – he wasn't caught until today. Some years later the city decided to build the new police department right in front of the tower. You can think about it as you wish, but such a big hype about graffiti will never again twist the minds of the citizens of Castrop.

One Survivor of the phenomenon S-Bahn-Surfing

I grew up in the suburbs of Munich. As a kid you had only 2 choices back then: to hang around the blocks or to do sports in a local club. I didn't liked both.
So I travelled around like a gypsy with the Essi (the german S- Bahn Train) from one spot to another. Then it was a documentation about the Surfistas in Rio de Janeiro that got my attention. The dance on the top of moving trains that moved trough the favelas of Rio. After I made my first tries at surfing trains the first news appeared: news about injured and dead teens in Berlin nad inHamburg. So trainsurfing finally reached Germany.

At the very first beginning I felt like a fly – stucked on the front shield of a car.

Back then I was young and went to school but I was hooked on this phenomenon and Surfing became a daily routine. We became a mob of 6 boys. I went surfing for 4 – 5 years until I crashed and got injured really bad.
Some situations are still present in my head as it had happened yesterday.

One common situation was the daily ride to school. The station I was entering with my pens and my lunch each morning was perfect to be unseen by the other passengers.
Early in the morning and outwards there were not many people around.
When the train hit the station I scanned each wagon and in most cases I got what I was searching for.

Then with a pumping heartbeat I started.
I got my shawl around my face, tilted over the window and put my foot into the door. Now I had to put my finger on the electric contact so that the porter couldn't notice that something was wrong. I hoped that the hydraulic system of the door was adjusted the right way so that I could open it by myself.

“Zurück bleiben!”

As the train left the station one door was left open and I got myself out of the wagon and closed the door behind me. I went to the opened window. I grabbed right through it to the metallic poles of the rack and lifted myself up.

“Wie immer.”

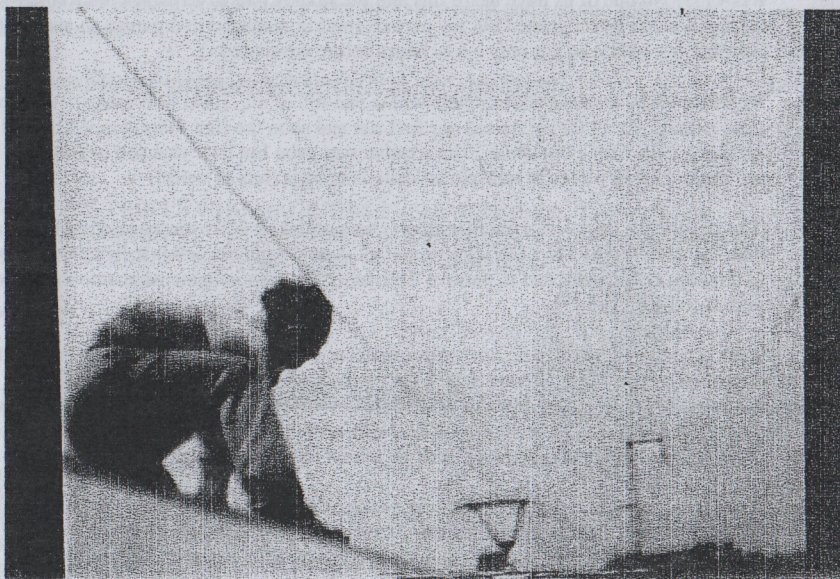
There I was...standing on the small window with my feet, grabbing the tiny sharp edged cullis. When you climbed on the roof now you instantly heard the buzz of more than 25.000 volt above you.

These handful of old-school rides I was just sitting on top of the train and enjoyed the ride. But the adrenalin-factor is, exept some other situations in life, the hardest yo can imagine.

The I went of the roof and went to school.

Thanks to all people who were there for me during and after my crash!

Ralfey a.k.a. Shamez ABC



The Viet Art Festival 2009

This story is dedicated to all the participants of the greatest Artfestival Munich has ever seen!

Friday, Oct. 23th :

We heard that one week before the event, a local newspaper and some buerocrats from the cityoffice declared the pickartfestival as official illegal!

WHAT??? No one of us have heard this and we already had advertisings in local newspapers and hundredsof flyers printed but my partner Jimdrix managed to organise an autorisation from the city which he got only a few hours before we started:-)

We drove to the location Gärtnerplatz with a van full of art...(over 300 works!!!) and met some helpers. At 14.00 we started our first run and soon the first folks stopped by and took the first pieces with a big smile...The weather was calm but later changed to soft rain. But we had packed up all pieces in transparent cellophan bags (lots of work!)

[The cellophane bags – that another story...we packed all 300+ pieces into bags with a flyer from the galeryevent. One day after we got all done we got the call that flyers would count as advertising and that we had to remove them all!!! You can imagine what amount of work we were faced with!]

Some people showed up who knew already about the event and even a whole bunch of artists came over to join the event and have a beer or two with us.

We made ca, 4-5 runs until all was gone and it took 6 hours....some pieces were left and no people were there anymore because it was dark and rainy so we offered the last pieces on saturday for the vernissage crowd - and all pieces found a good new home.

It was a nice action....very much smiling people who gave us so much good feedback that we can say that the first part of this festival was a great success - some people told us that they went to the place very early like 6.00!! We made a lot of photos but also some people hesitated to be photographed by us. ☹

I have to say sorry to all the artists who didn't got the chance to see who has chosen their artwork!

It was so nice to talk to all these people – from 10 to 80 – all ages were interested but due to the fact that such an event had never taken place in Munich before, we had to talk till our mouths went dry and we needed some beers.

Saturday, Oct. 24th :

Still a lot of work to do. Pricetags, cleaning, hanging the last pieces - the hours flew by fast. We all prepared a lot during the last days, but over 90 artists.....puuuuh!

I came back to the gallery at 20.00 and some folks were already there. We had a DJ who did a great job and soon more and more people came over. We had some beers and a good time and met some of the artists who supportet us with art for the show. The whole Group of Ten section from Regensburg showed up and much local Munich artists showed up.

Before the show opened, 4 pieces got already a red dot:-)

Later we offered the crowd a livepainting inside the gallery. We got some markers and a very big wooden panel and started drawing without any concept.

Artists who took part were: Very Ape Art, Kira Kropornicki, Napo, Lawone, Sair, Baptist, Fader, Tark and some locals of which i dont remember the name exactly....but there was some pretty good stuff!!! As we were painting together suddenly one guy went wild and wanted to beat up 3 guys (the old Graffiti vs. streetart shit) the situation went mad but a friend of the offensive guy told him to calm down and one hour later he searched for everyone he shouted at to deeply regret his behaviour - so everything was fine again :-)

Personally I don't understand this struggle.

After a while i saw a lot of red dots and about 10 pieces were reserved /sold :-D

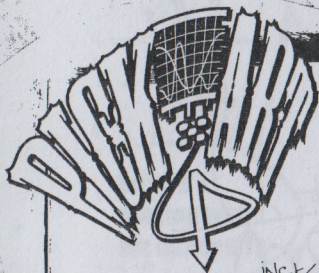
Around 23.00 we finally made the big lottery - 3 prizes were there but only very few folks took part in this. Artist Kira K. drew 3 batches. First prize was our handdrawn panel we made a few hours ago. But the girl who won it was not there anymore - we have her mailaddy but I think until today she didn't fetch her prize.

The vernissage was a great success...much people gave us a positive feedback and we shared a few beers with all of them. A few pieces were sold afterwards and you can still get the remaining works here:

www.flickr.com/photos/freeartmunich2009/sets/72157624120689455

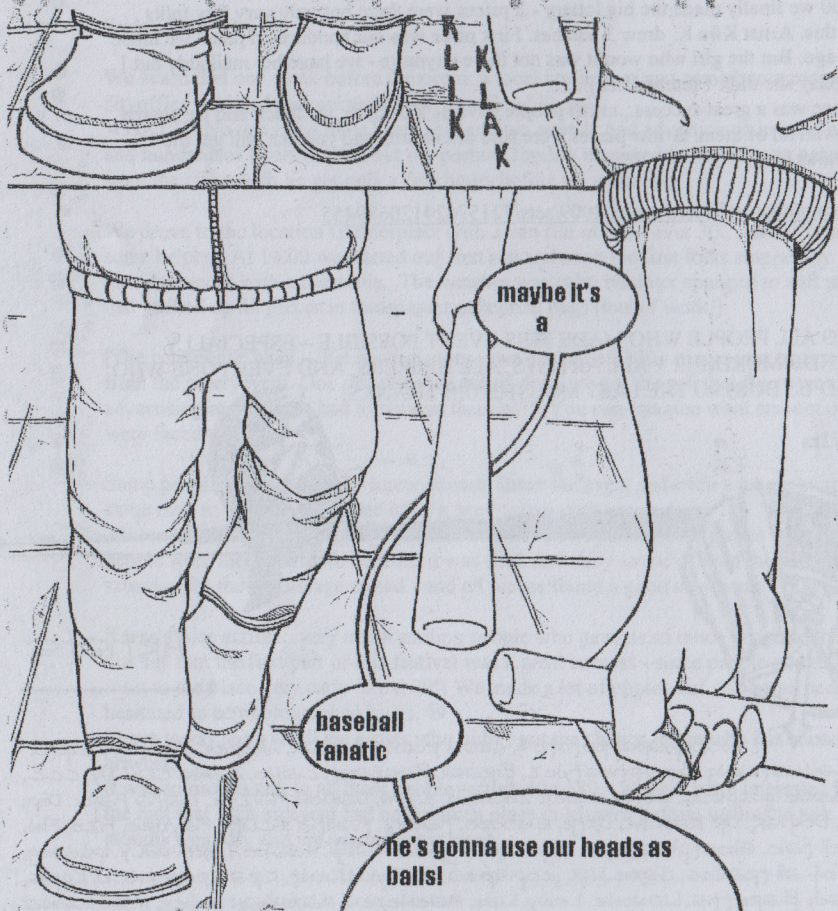
THANKS TO ALL PEOPLE WHO MADE THIS EVENT POSSIBLE - ESPECIALLY
LOTHAR AND JIMDRIX!!!!!! + ALL ARTISTS; ALL HELPERS; AND EVERYONE WHO
SUPPORTED US DURING THE LAST MONTHS!!!!!! THANKS!

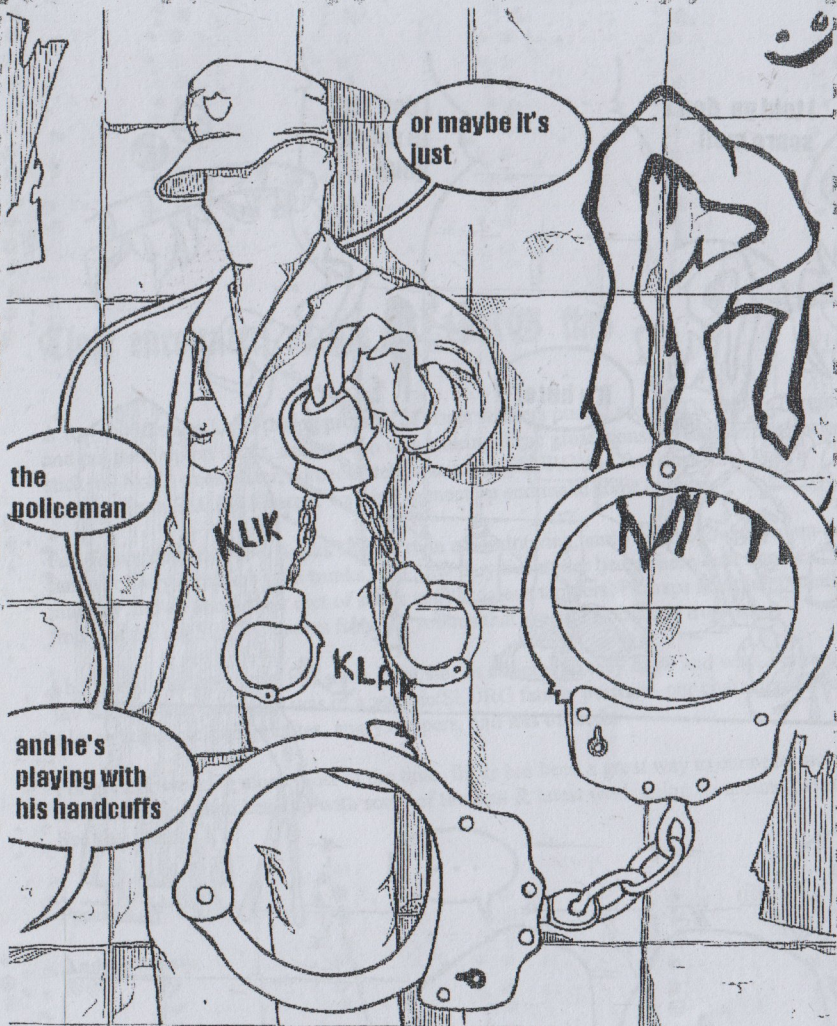
Tarkinson 72rs



Artists:

inck/parsprototo*, Adam Round, Adrian, Andres Musta, Barto, Baldmanwatching, BeastiestyleZ, Brash, Bustart, Camo, cans can fly, CCC, CED, chasiegraphics, commander Zdanke, cyDN, DAMON PLAZTIK, Data Park, Diip, DJ Badly, Dog Isk, Dr Knoclie, DxtR, ENCORE, Fader, Fanta WCDIB, Faylure, FIZO, FIN, FMF/ tell tale, elmostplasters, Eigo, Eriesgram, Haligh, Haske, I ARE UELY, Ipudding, Jack of all trades, Jaxie Jax, jeopardy, JUNKYKIDKENT, Kira Kropornick, Kurle, Lady Barettta, Lawone, Lewy, Luigi, Maenexen, Maximilian j siller, Mandarina Brausewetter, Metrik, Milos, Miss Manoll, Tigapics, Mobone, Monoclipomi, NANO, Napo, Nose one, olio, onyz, Paiks, Ploce, Psychonautes, Ras Le Bol, Rayk Amelang, Richard Aldred, rioturban, scrap Mutants, seifrei, skisire Productions, SINZL, sligel, sonny oase, spamconsumer, star Fil, starleadboy, Tarkinson, The Wicked Monkeys, Tileo, Vectorian, Very Ape Art, visualstunts, weh4i, won ABC, xx crew, yclw, yol, youkfou, Zaira, Z-roc





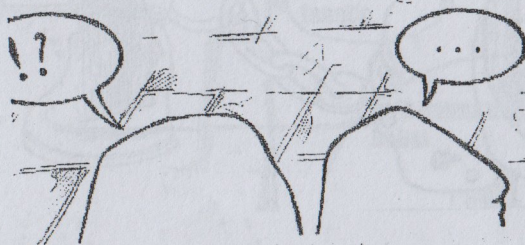
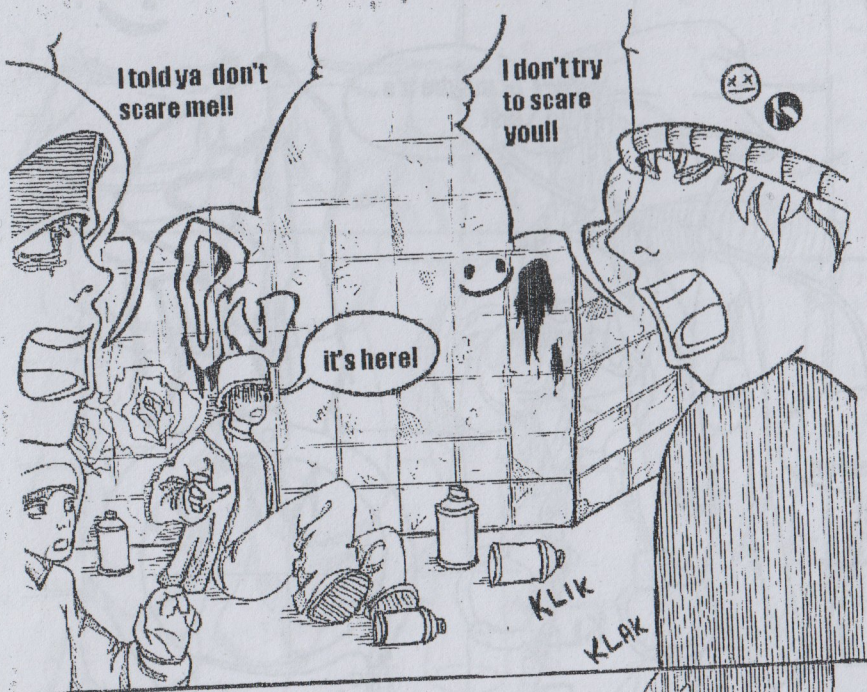
or maybe it's
just

the
policeman

and he's
playing with
his handcuffs

KLIK

KLAP



Close encounters of the SLURG kind

A few months ago I was taking pictures of street stickers posted around OCAD in Toronto and put them up on flickr, asking who was making these great monsters on German postal stickers. Not 2 weeks later, someone tells me it was SLURG and few days later I get a message from SLURG himself, wanting to meet up and make some collabs.

Fast forward another few weeks and we're in a bar drawing, and I get the low down on these fantastic furry monsters with trunks, and how they live under beds where dust bunnies multiply and all about their diet of socks and ferocious tempers. Perhaps most importantly, I find that the tag SLURG comes from the sounds that emerge from their trunks.

I bet every character artist has some great stories about who they draw and why. Perhaps my fav sticker from that night was of a zombie/SLURG family portrait - our characters have quite a lot in common: big appetites, angry tempers, and lots of teeth.

For myself, working alone most of the time, flickr has been a great way to connect, pick up new techniques, and keep up with some of the best & latest work going on around the planet. See you there!

Peace!

Andres Musta

Round and about

Many a time i would fill my pockets with vinyl. Many a time, my pockets would be attached to a pair of skinny jeans and would, by the end of the night smell mostly of mcat, fag smoke and beer. These nights were fun, even though many were quite similar, each was unique and 'going out' never got repetitive. Well, it hasn't yet.

Many a time i'd be round and about the city. I'd reach into my pocket every few minutes and pull myself out, put myself on a lamp post or maybe a sign or a bin. I'd advertise myself my own way. It doesn't mean anything, it's just a sign i'm still here. I'm alive and i'm rocking. Stickers have never got boring. Paint is more fun, emulsion and sprays are unbeatable but i'll always be in my back pocket ready to pull out.

"Is that your mate over there?" I would ask my friends, pointing to one of my stickers in the city. This was always followed by laughter. It's just fun, it's just a laugh. Being round and about is what it's about, and I always will be.

Adam Round.

No title

A little while ago my friend and I were out on an excursion. Just chilling, trying to find a spot to skate. So we decide to go through the City Hall Plaza. Its a pretty safe ground you might see a few shady things here and there but nothing out of the norm. So we're walking through because our friend just got a \$300 fine from skating there the other day.

As we are walking through I see this homeless man walking towards us, he seems cool. Its not unusual to see the homeless in Philly, and I'm always looking to help depending on the situation.

So I hear him ask us "do you have any change to spare", but while he's asking and walking towards us I hear this weird hissing sound. And we look down to discover he's walking towards us while taking a leak. His privates out and all. So we decided it was best to leave as soon as possible.

NoseGo

INFORMATION:



IN MY TEENS I WAS A DAMN, DIRTY PUNK ROCK VANDAL AND WHEN I WAS WITH MY SKATING + PAINTING PARTNER LIAM I WAS TEN TIMES MORE DESTRUCTIVE. ONE NIGHT AFTER SOME SKATING AND HORROR FILMS, EVIL DEAD 1+3, I THINK? WE DECIDED TO GO TAG. WE HAD SOME DRESS OF SOME SHITTY, STICKY PAINT SO WENT OUT FEELING AS KRAZY AS THE KRAYS. AFTER OUR FIRST SPOT, A BIG SHOPPING CENTRE FRONT DOOR THE SECURITY SHOWED UP. WE WERE ONLY 14 SO GOT CAUGHT VERY EASILY. THEN THINGS GOT A BIT WEIRD, THEY FROG-MARCHED US TO THE HOLDING ROOM, WHICH WAS DECORATED AS THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE!! I QUESTIONED THEM ON IT AND THEY LAUGHED + TOLD US THEY REDESIGN THE ROOM EVERY 6 MONTHS TO WRITE OFF MONEY ON THE TAX BOOKS. THEY RANG FOR THE POLICE AND WHILE WE WERE SHITTING OURSELVES WE STARTED CHATTING. THE GUYS ASKED IF WE SMOKED WEED AND OFFERED US TO SHARE A JOINT. I AGREED SO THEY RANG THE PGS UP AND TOLD THEM WE CLEANED UP THE GRAFF SO NO POINT IN THEM COMING. IT WAS ONLY THE SECOND TIME I'D EVER SMOKED SO THE SECURITY BLOYES WERE REALLY LAUGHING AT ME CHOKING ON THE SMOKE LIKE A PUSSY. WE HUNG OUT FOR ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE THEY SAID IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST FUN NIGHT SHIFTS THEY'VE EVER HAD. THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I GOT CAUGHT DOING GRAFFITI, ONE OF THE ~~MOST FUN~~ NIGHTS OF MY LIFE.

YOUNG
ME
↓



OBIT

STRANGEST

Roofstop, rain and crooks

At one night I decided to paint a rooftop on a safe spot at the trainline. After a party I picked up my stuff and went to the spot. I was very nervous because I haven't done this for a long time. I climbed over a huge fence and moved like a ninja through the old industry buildings. I observed the area a few minutes. The spot I've found a few weeks before was very good and I could get on it with a fire ladder. The whole area was empty and the industry moved here for some month. So I sneaked towards the corner of the building to get on the fire ladder. But, what the fuck was that? Where is the fucking fire ladder? I moved around the building but now where was the fucking ladder.

After about 20 minutes of searching I noticed that some other metal-parts were missing, like parts of the old crane and stuff. Ok, I have to accept that some east european crooks have stolen all the metal-parts around the spot. I have to accept that I was too late. Shit. I decided to go home and on my way through the coppice it starts to rain. I climbed back over the fence, fucked up my jacket and took my way back to my nice and warm bed. Graffiti is a shitty job.

Anonymous

Near death experience

Back in the mild summers of the late 90s under grey and fluorescent green skies.

Back then me and my buddy Zoldier went through our city in the german Ruhrpott with our bikes to spot some graffiti.

We felt in love with the oldschool crews of the souther suburbs and our heroes became unknown guys and girls whose tags had so much energy that they even stand all weather and years of buffing. Folks like ATC, Key, Kash, Atair, Lyrik, Milch, Taker, Kinor, and others were around years before we even knew what these colours on the walls meant. We just had the urge to take pics of each new piece we spotted – back then no one used digital cams. We didn't even had a scanner to make them digital.

One of those days, we got our bikes and rode trough the woods to other suburbs. We also thought we could sneak to the railroad to find some abandoned graff spots so we searched a lot and finally found a track. It's a special feeling to be alone at a railway deep in the woods so we walked along the track – sure that we would hear the train early enough.

We didn't!

The ICE train came very fast and the trackside was secured with old walls. The only chance was to grab some tiny trees on top of the wall. So we could press ourselves to the wall to not get hit by the train. These tiny young trees were our lifesavers in this moments.

As we hung there I thought that it must be an obscure feeling for the passengers to see us hang there so close to their windows.....

Most people say that these situations take hours in their mind....i cant say so – it was over so fast that I couldn't believe it myself.

Anyway the situation went all good and we just got the shock of our lifetime.

The29th

No title



The night we were placing those signs, a man passed by asking what we were doing - and started throwing stones at us. So we had to escape and went to an other quarter to place some streetsigns there.

We came back the next day in the afternoon, this time carrying a ladder with us and nothing happend.

XX Crew

Adam Round: www.flickr.com/adamround

Andres Musta: www.flickr.com/andresmusta

The29th: no webaddy

Anonymus: no webaddy

Tarkinson: www.flickr.com/the-weird-realm-of-tarkinson

Shame ABC: www.shameabc.com

Obit: www.flickr.com/38892765@N06

NoseGo: <http://nosego.com>

Ipudding: www.flickr.com/ipudding

-s10-: www.flickr.com/45740782@N04

Sticky Rick: www.stickyricks.net

XX Crew: www.xxcrew.com

JaxieJax: www.flickr.com/jaxiejax

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